

You Need a Telephone in Your House

Couch

Whether you live in town or country. Just think in case of sickness or accident how quickly a doctor can be called. In case of fire a few words will bring help. So easy to talk to your friends or relatives even if they live miles away. Tramps and burglars keep away from a house that has a telephone.

The farmer who uses his telephone can find out in advance the market value of his products, saving time and expense.

We are introducing our telephones in your section. Let us send you our booklet, also particulars how to have a telephone service where you live.

S. H. COUCH CO., Inc., Boston, Mass.



The Times' Daily Short Story.

A Stain Washed Away.

[Original.]

John Clough sat smoking his pipe before a fire of blazing logs, while his wife cleared the supper table. The door opened, and a youngster of seventeen, clad in the army blue of 1861-65, pale and emaciated, staggered in. The woman flew to him, caught him as he was about to fall and held him tightly clasped in her arms. The man arose and stood regarding the boy with a look of mingled pain and severity.

"Sick leave, Johnny?" he asked. "No, father," faltered the young soldier. "I couldn't get a sick leave. It was a chance for life with me if I came and certain death with me if I stayed there. The surgeon knew it, and yet he wouldn't recommend me for a furlough."

Without a word the father returned to his seat before the fire. The mother supported her boy to an adjoining room; he sank upon a bed, and she bent over him and kissed him again and again.

John Clough still sat motionless and in silence. He knew that in leaving the front without permission his boy had deserted and that desertion was punishable with death. And this vision the man saw in the flames:

A little child toddled toward him with outstretched arms as he came home. The same child was going to his first school. His mother and father kissed him and followed him with their eyes till he came to a bend in the road, when he turned and waved his hand to them. Again as a half grown boy he was reading by that same firelight "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson." Recently passing from boyhood to youth, he had gone for a soldier.

And now the father sees another sight—his boy disgraced, kneeling beside his coffin, about to be shot for desertion.

An hour passed. The wife and mother looked into the room where John Clough sat and saw him still neck and motionless. Going to him, she bent over him and whispered:

"It's little more than a child, John."

"It's the consequences of his act," moaned the father. "They take kids for war and place them where mature men find it hard to stand."

Returning to the invalid, the woman laid her hand on his burning forehead. "Does father blame me?" he asked, rising.

"No, dear boy, but—"

"Yes, yes." And he fell back on his pillow.

When midnight came the woman looked in where she had left her husband. He had gone.

The army had been fighting for ten consecutive days when one morning a

man quite old enough to be exempt from military service reported at the headquarters of the general commanding under the name of John Clough. He admitted that he had deserted from a regiment that had since been transferred to another field. He found the general in a bad humor. There had been many cases of desertion. His presence offered an opportunity for an example. He was tried and sentenced to be shot.

At this time the Army of the Potomac descended from the heights on the northern bank of the Rappahannock, laid their pontoons, crossed and commenced a march over a gently sloping plain to the heights a mile away where the Confederates were ready with their artillery to sweep them as they advanced. Some got halfway, a less number nearly reached the objective point, while a few remnants of regiments marched to the guns. Those who lived went back again.

"Who is that man?" asked the general, watching a private soldier who had rallied the remnants of a regiment and turned its face toward the enemy. "He was to have been shot for desertion. The fight coming on, he took his place in the ranks."

"He shall be a colonel," muttered the general as he galloped to another part of the field.

When a few years later Colonel Clough returned to his home he found a mound in the churchyard that covered his son. The father put a headstone over it on which was this inscription:

JOHN CLOUGH. Died, aged seventeen years and ten months, of wounds received in battle. A private soldier, he rallied a regiment.

John Clough's commander one day called to see his old subordinate. Colonel Clough was not at home, but the general was told that he visited the churchyard every day and would be found there. Thither the general went and saw his old comrade standing over a grave. Approaching, uncovered, he stood behind the colonel and read the inscription. Surprised, he looked at his comrade for an explanation. Colonel Clough spoke:

"He who lies there was a boy. He ran away and enlisted under the required age. Too young to fully realize the consequences, he committed an act which soldiers in the face of an enemy punish with death. I suffered the sentence in his stead. The penalty was never inflicted. The act described on the stone above his grave I did for him and in his name. I could never have done it except for my love for him, and the deed is mine to give him in explanation of his fault."

The two veterans are now white bearded companions who often meet and talk over the days when men were married or made heroes in a twinkling. The general never speaks to the colonel of his rallying a regiment at Fredericksburg except as "that heroic act which should make your son's name shine resplendent among brave deeds forever."

F. A. MITCHELL.

EIGHT-HOUR LAW UP HELD

Decision Stated by Holmes in
Supreme Court

DOES NOT MEAN DREDGE

Labors But Is Constitutional—Cases
Come from Massachusetts District—
Will Affect \$87,000,000 Worth
of Harbor Contracts.

Washington, May 14.—Justice Holmes of the supreme court of the United States today announced the decision of the court in a number of cases involving the construction of the eight-hour law of 1892, by which the employment of laborers and mechanics on public works is limited to eight hours per day. The defendants were all prosecuted criminally and were all found guilty and fined by the trial court.

The suits were instituted especially for the purpose of testing the applicability of the law to laborers and mechanics employed on dredges in river and harbor improvement, but other points were also necessarily involved. The court held that the law to be constitutional, but held that it does not apply to laborers and mechanics on dredges and that men so employed cannot be held to be employed upon public works.

COLORADO "AUNTIES"
SNUBS GOV. HUGHES.

Refused to Give Up Seat to Governor
and His Secretary.

Binghamton, N. Y., May 14.—Gov. Hughes was snubbed by a colored "auntie" while on his way from Albany to this city to attend the funeral of his legal adviser, Ernest Wilson Huffert.

The Governor and his military secretary, Col. Treadwell, had a seat in a coach. They left their seat at Schenectady Junction to read a telegram, and when they returned they found it completely occupied by a colored woman extra large size.

"Madam," said the Governor, touching his hat, "this seat contains my valise, overcoat and umbrella. May I ask you to take another seat?"

In a voice that filled the car she said: "Deed ah won't! Ah'll have you 't' understand dat I see jes' as good as you. Ah ain't gwine 't' move foh nobody. Take your things an' go."

Completely worsted, the Governor removed his belongings. The woman groveled to him. "Name," she said, "Col. Treadwell. She was crestfallen when she learned the identity of the man she had snubbed."

NEW MORRISTOWN ROAD.

Necessitated by Building of Dam For
Electric Plant.

Morrisville, May 14.—At a largely attended special town meeting held at the town hall last Saturday afternoon, it was voted to construct a new highway between Morrisville and Cady Falls, over the so-called "bridge-route," which would necessitate the erection of a 250-foot span over an arm of the new lake, caused by the setting back water for the "windup" electric plant, and also a thirty-foot bridge. As there were other proposed routes before the meeting, the discussion by the supporters of the different routes, was one of the most heated heard at a town meeting here in many years.

The majority of the voters favor building some road which will be as good as the river road, and which will not be overthrown when the new dam is completed. The proposition which was finally adopted was upon a resolution introduced by C. H. A. Stafford, which provided that the bridge route be constructed, if it could be carried out for a sum of \$12,500 or less. The selectmen will at once call for bids and if they fail to place the contract at the above figure, other routes will be considered at an early date.

MONTPELIER

The Ministers' Monday club met at the Y. M. C. A. rooms at 10:30 yesterday morning and listened to a paper by the Rev. J. Edward Wright on "The Whirlwind of Time," which was followed by the usual discussion. The Rev. Mr. Booth, of Montreal was the guest of the club. At 1 o'clock the members went to dinner at the Riverside. After the afternoon session James B. Estee spoke on Omar Khayyam.

C. A. Gale, trustee of the Ira A. Pierce estate, bankrupt, has filed a petition with Judge J. L. Martin in United States court, praying that a mortgage from said Pierce to Louis N. Wood on a certain quarry in Sodon be set aside on the grounds that it was given within four months of the time of bankruptcy. The petitioner asked that this mortgage be dissolved and that the property be turned over to him for the benefit of all creditors. The petition has been referred by Judge Martin to Referee W. N. Theriault. A hearing was set for 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon but was postponed at the request of J. G. Wing, attorney for the petitioner. E. H. Beavitt is attorney for Wood. The mortgage is \$1,200.

The syndicate which purchased the interests of J. J. Flynn and J. O. Humphrey, of Burlington, in the Barre and Montpelier Traction and Power company are looking around for a water power with the idea of furnishing their own power for the operation of the electric road, instead of buying electricity of the Consolidated Lighting company. It is understood that the consolidated put the price up from \$6,000 per year to \$9,000, when it was found that the Traction company would only make a new contract, the old three years' contract expiring in June, for but one year, but that price is understood to have been cut down.

FASHION NOTES.

New Sailor Hat—Blouse Styles—Popular Linen Collar.

Fine white chip sailor hats show the broad low crown worn some years ago, and it is worth noting how many are touched up with velvet and wings of orange or flame color.

Wide stitched plaits are found on tailor made blouses. They are arranged so as to allow for the drooping shoulder effect which is found on all bodices, plain or elaborate.

A dull blue and white striped cloth made with a modified empire waist and trimmed with bias bands of the material is an excellent model.

Linen collars are very popular—not alone the embroidered ones, but those of plain linen. Some very dainty effects are seen in the shops, and this revived style brings into vogue an endless variety of fancy neckwear. A pretty bow of fine white linen, with four pear shaped ends, two a trifle larger than the other two, and all of them buttoned in white wash cotton and sprinkled with French dots. When put together with a tiny cross overpiece in the middle they form a



Mark Twain's Tall Bicycle.

Susy's next date is November 20th, 1885, the eve of my fiftieth birthday. It seems a good while ago. I must have been rather young for my age then, for I was trying to tame an old-fashioned bicycle nine feet high. It is to be almost unbelievable, at my present stage of life, and there have really been people willing to trust themselves upon a dizzy and unstable altitude like that, and that I was one of them. Twitwell and I took lessons every day. He succeeded, and became a master of the art of riding that wild vehicle, but I had no gift in that direction and was never able to stay on mine long enough to get any satisfactory view of the planet. Every time I tried to steal a look at a pretty girl, or any other kind of scenery, that single moment of inattention gave the bicycle the chance it had been waiting for, and I went over the front of it and struck the ground on my head or my back before I had time to realize that something was happening. I didn't always go over the front, I had other ways, and practiced them all, but no matter which way was chosen for me there was always one monotonous result—the bicycle skinned my leg and leaped up into the air and came down on top of me. Sometimes its wires were so sprung by this violent performance that it had the collapse look of an umbrella that had a misunderstanding with a cyclone. After each day's practice at home with my skin hanging in ribbons, from my knees down, I plastered the ribbons on where they belonged, and a bound there with handkerchiefs steeped in Toul's Extract, and was ready for more adventures next day. It was always a surprise to me that I had so much skin, and that it held out so well. There was always plenty, and I soon came to understand that the supply was going to remain sufficient for all my needs. It turned out, however, that I had no skin on top of the other like the leaves of a book, and some of the doctors said it was quite remarkable.

I was full of enthusiasm over this insane amusement. My teacher was a young German from the bicycle factory, a gentle, kindly, patient creature, with a pathetically grave face. He never smiled; he never made a remark; he always gathered me tenderly up when I plunged off, and helped me on again without a word. When he had been teaching me twice a day for three weeks I introduced a gymnast—one that had never been seen before—and at last a confident was wrung from him, a thing which I had been risking my life for days to achieve. He gathered me up and, mournfully: "Mr. Clemens, you can fall off from a bicycle in more different ways than any person I ever saw before."—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in the North American Review for May 3rd.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

THE REMEDY.

Is your nose turned up or down? Message it. Wears your brow a constant frown? Message it. Is your neck a scrawny rope With a hen-like slope? Do not grieve or give up hope—Message it. Seems on arm than t'other slimmer? Message it. Is one eye than t'other dimmer? Message it. Is one shoulder out of level, Giving you a sort of level? Just you run it like the—michener! Message it. Do you fear a double chin? Message it. Grows your cheek too pale and thin? Message it. Does your eastward car protrude In a manner weird and rude? Do not have the thing uncovered—Message it.

Is your tongue beyond control? Message it. Are there sin-spots on your soul? Message it. Is your mind intensely tired Of the silly stunts required Just to get yourself admired? Message it. And eat carrots! —Puck.

A Difficult Art.

Instructor in public speaking.—What is the matter with you, Mr. Jones, can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it.—Harvard Lampoon.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE'S ENLARGED HOME.

Ten stories have been added to the old Tribune building, and it is now one of New York's imposing skyscrapers.

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For the Well-Dressed Man

The many carefully modeled lasts, ranging from the hygienic square-toed shoe to the extreme swaggee style, make it possible for men of widely differing tastes or shoe requirements to satisfy themselves.

The Emerson Shoe

Drop in and let us show you just the right last and style for you.

BARRE SHOE CO.,
131 North Main Street,
Barre, Vt.

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TRADES UNIONISM SOUND.

Should Be Judged by Its Possibilities Rather Than Its Errors.

In the course of an address on "The Labor Problem" Professor Jacob N. Hollander of Johns Hopkins university said:

"Trades unionism is a natural and proper institution in modern industry. But let it be clearly and explicitly understood that it is trades unionism and not necessarily trades unionists that are thus vindicated. Trades unionism is, in short, what trades unionism does. As an economic institution it is to be appraised by its possibilities and its tendencies, not by its occasional misadventures. Trades unionism may be wise and sound, and yet trades unionists may do wrong or foolish things. The same is true of religion and of democracy. In every case we cherish the system and blame those who violate its principles."

"Now and then, flushed with success or drunk with power, industrial liberty degenerates into industrial license, and the trades union becomes in the hands of corrupt or self-seeking leaders an instrument of brutal coercion that carries with it the seed of its own speedy destruction. More often foolish rather than vicious tendencies prevail. In short, as long as the trades union attempts to do those things for which alone it exists—the protection, education and improvement of industrial classes—and to do them by methods in consonance with social order and economic reason, it should be appreciated and supported as a wise and beneficent institution, even though its actual achievement falls far short of its programme and be even marred by unfortunate and unwise incidents."

THE BUSINESS FARMER.

Some Method and System of Keeping Accounts Advisable.

To keep up with the times the farmer must be a business man. He will unite method and system with farm training. He may or may not keep a formal account or practice a system of bookkeeping, but at least he will know just what he is doing and how and why. If his business is or is not paying, he will find out just where the results are coming from or will discover where the leak is before the sheriff comes.

The way in which this is done will depend upon the training. Many successful farmers have never been accustomed to keep accounts and do not feel its necessity. They have worked their plan of farming into a system which is about the same year after year, and after having once figured out cost and profits in certain lines which are of chief importance they are able to tell very closely where they stand at any time. They know the cost of a quart of milk, a dozen of eggs or a bushel of potatoes under usual conditions and are able to quickly figure out the changes brought about by new market conditions. Very likely such farmers would meet surprises should they actually keep a system of books, reckoning everything at the start, according to market value, including all charges for labor, taxes, living expenses, seeds, manure, fertilizers, tools and other incidentals, and balancing this account with the various itemized receipts from all sources, including an allowance for the farm improvements, remarks American Cultivator.

Whether the account system is complete or not many hints and valuable items for reference may be obtained simply by keeping a pocket diary and jotting down the things most likely to be needed for reference.

PLAN OF METAL TRADES.

Propose to Have All Contracts Terminate at Same Time.

A plan by which the metal trades of the United States may act as a unit and, if need be, call vast sympathetic strikes extending over the whole country has been suggested by President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor.

The object of the plan is to have all the contracts made with the employers begin and terminate at about the same time all over the country, so that in making new arrangements the unions in this branch of industry can have the full power of their entire national strength to enforce their demands.

There are hundreds of thousands of men engaged in these trades, and the power which their organizations will have under the new scheme is enormous. The plan was originated by Mr. Gompers and is being passed out by him to the leaders of the local federations of labor which are affiliated with the body.

Within a short time the movement has spread all over the country, and the labor unions have begun working out the details which shall make the system effective.

Denmark's Care of the Aged.

"Veterans of Industry"—a pretty phrase and prettily employed. It is what the Danes call the old people of good record who are forced to apply to the authorities for help, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. No shame attaches to such application; no ignominious dependence, corrosive of self respect, attends the life which follows. Such a person enters the home as a sort of government pensioner.

Progressive City Charters.

The new city charter of Alameda Cal., has been approved by the legislature. This is a progressive document and contains the referendum feature which is now being incorporated in all modern charters. By the adoption of a new charter at the election recently the city of Santa Cruz brought itself into the front rank of up-to-date municipalities. Its charter embodies the latest ideas in municipal government, including direct legislation. The "recall" proposition, which was put to a vote of five to one. This showed the sentiment of the people in regard to resuming the right of self government.

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A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headaches, dizziness, imaginary spots, dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strength-giving medicine known in medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy or undergo a compromise, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Four interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and so is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equalled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take and candy.

JUDGE MARTIN CARRIED BABY.

An Incident of a Railroad Mishap Near South Londonderry.

Battleboro, May 14.—Friends of United States District Judge J. L. Martin are having a little fun at Judge Martin's expense.